CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG

1st Sep. '65

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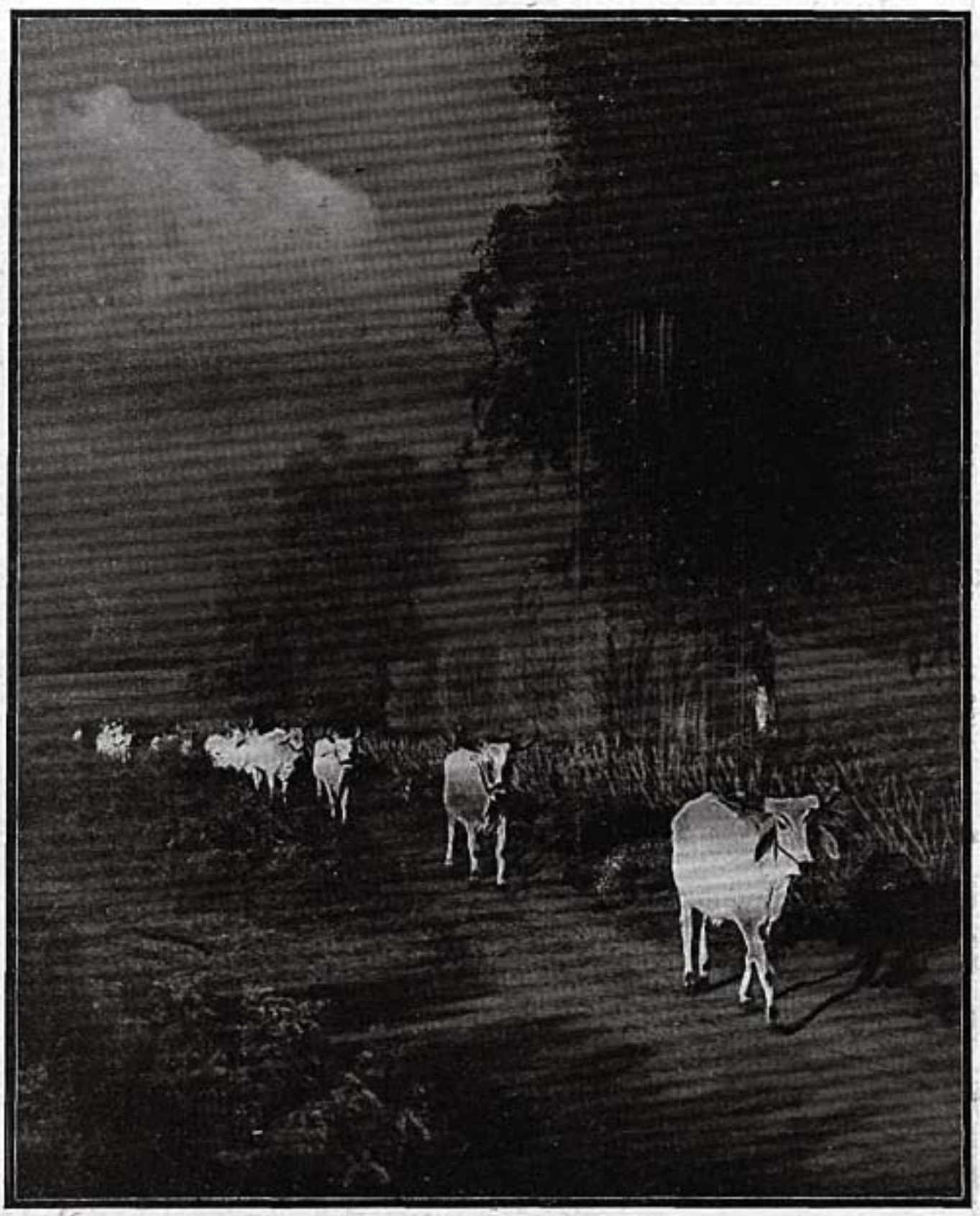

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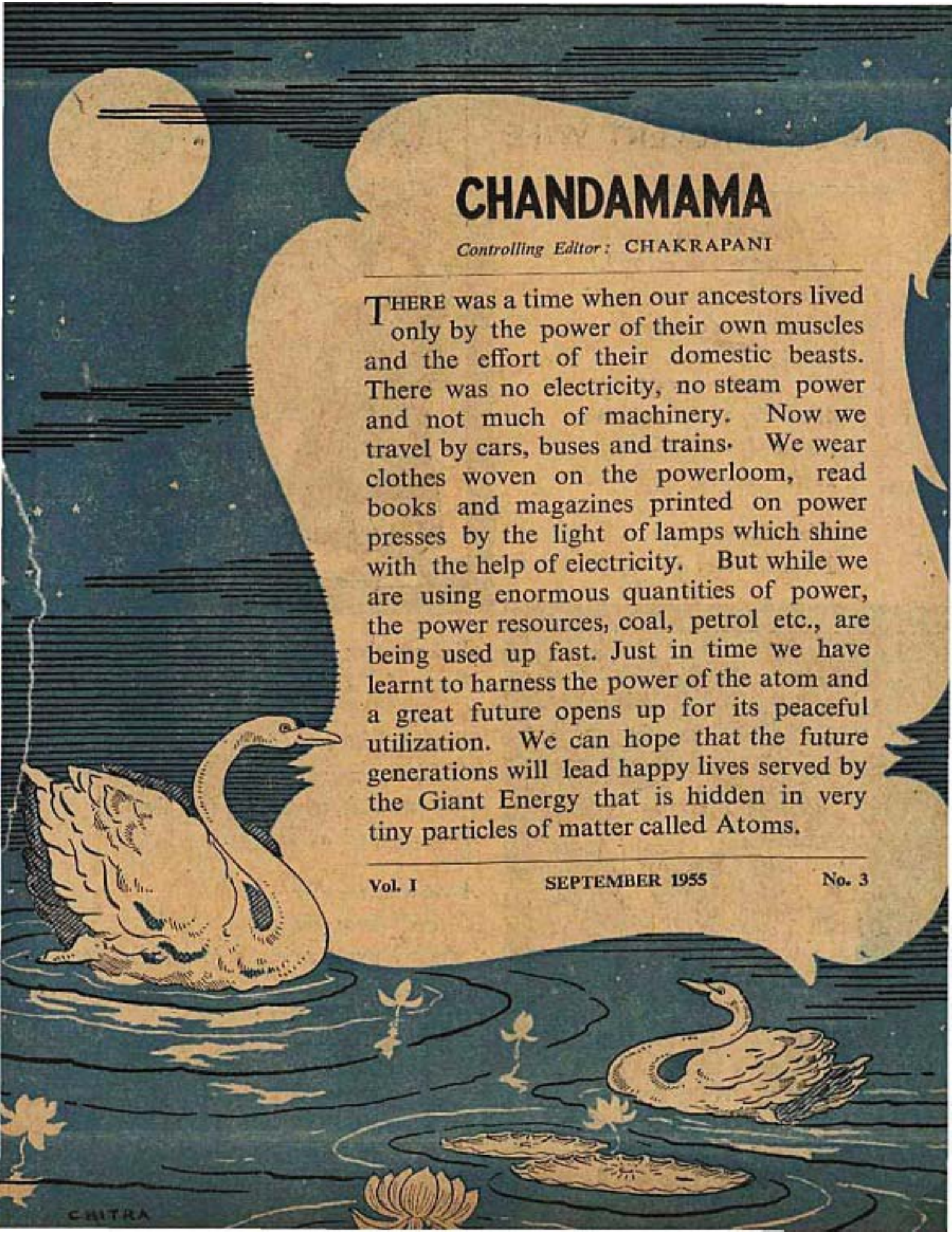

CHANDAMAMA
Controlling Editor: CHAKRAPANI
THERE was a time when our ancestors lived only by the power of their own muscles and the effort of their domestic beasts. There was no electricity, no steam power and not much of machinery. Now we travel by cars, buses and trains. We wear clothes woven on the powerloom, read books and magazines printed on power presses by the light of lamps which shine with the help of electricity. But while we are using enormous quantities of power, the power resources, coal, petrol etc., are being used up fast. Just in time we have learnt to harness the power of the atom and a great future opens up for its peaceful utilization. We can hope that the future generations will lead happy lives served by the Giant Energy that is hidden in very tiny particles of matter called Atoms.
Vol. I
SEPTEMBER 1955
No. 3
CHITRA

AN UN-INNOCENT WIFE

A peasant lad
(I forgot his name)
Lived in a village
With his dame.

The dame's name
Was the same as his.
(Now I remember)
It is "Bliss."

Mrs. Bliss
I should say is

Cleverer far
Than Mr. Bliss.

The peasant was fond
Of bitter gourd.
He planted it, watered it (see the pic)
And worked at it hard.

Anon the creeper
Yielded three fruit.
"Cook them," said he to his wife.
(Yes, she could!)

Anticipating
A rich repast,

Story Poem

To find only one
Gourd fruit served!

"What happened to the rest?"
He asked her dismayed.
"I ate them, one for to taste.
And the other's my share," she said.

"How could you do it?"
To demonstrate
The last remaining one
With the least qualms she ate!

To work on his farm
The peasant repaired fast.

Yes, rich was the fare
As Bliss (the Mrs.) fried it in the pan.
"I should taste it first,"
She thought and ate one.

Her lord was late:
"I cannot wait," she felt.
The better-half's right,
With the second one she dealt.

Returning home
The lad was unnerved

THE FRONT COVER

On September 19, several million Hindus will be worshipping Vinayaka who is also called Ganesh, Vighneswar and by several other names. This deity is supposed to help human beings to overcome obstacles that confront them in their efforts.

How is it that this pretty god has a pretty little elephant's head ? There is a legend about it.

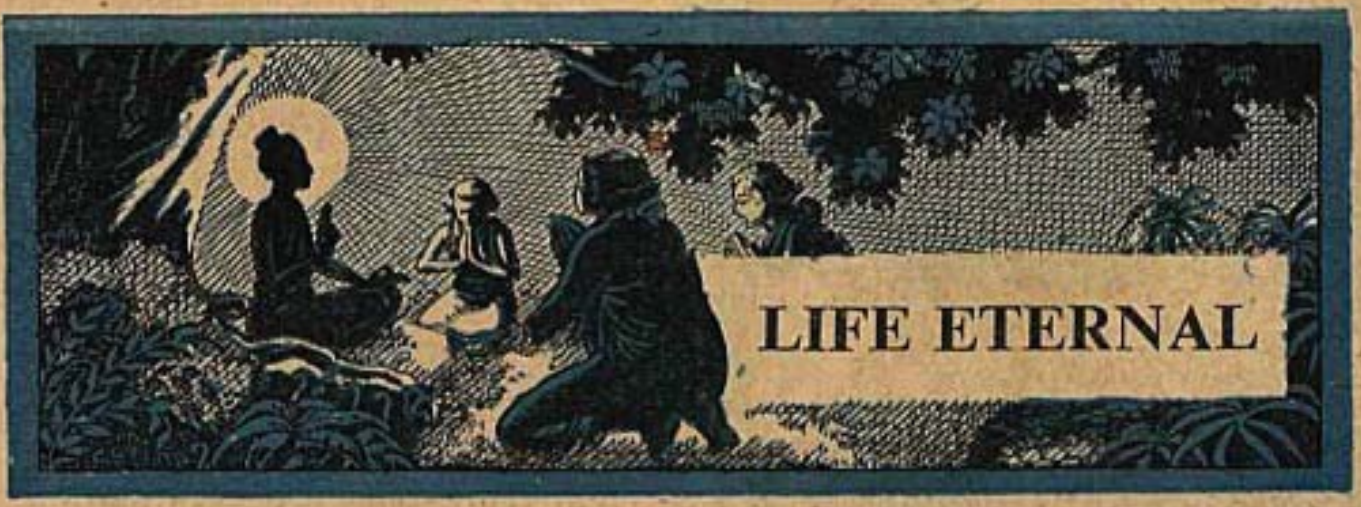
Once Lord Shiva was away and Parvati, his wife, was alone. To keep her company she made a boy out of paste and breathed life into him. Then she made him sit outside her abode and keep off strangers. After some time Lord Shiva returned but the vigilant lad stopped him and refused him permission to go in. Lord Shiva, in his impatience, plucked the head of the lad and threw it away. Parvati was very sad about the fate of her pet. Lord Shiva tried his best to find the head which he threw away, but in vain. So, he ordered his hosts to get the head of anyone sleeping with his head towards north. Only a baby elephant was found sleeping that way. Its head was brought and joined to the body of Parvati's pet to whom she again gave life. Thus revived Vinayaka did several great things

(In any case we should not sleep with our head pointing north, because our body is a magnet of which the head is the north pole. Repulsion will occur between the north poles of our body and the earth. It may produce headache, bad dreams etc.)

You may notice that one of Vinayaka's tusks is broken. There is a legend about this too.

Demon Taraka obtained a boon from Brahma that he should not be killed with anything that had life or that hadn't. With this power the wily Demon began to torment the three worlds until he was killed by Vinayaka. Vinayaka broke one of his tusks—which is neither a living thing nor a lifeless thing—and flung it at the cruel demon who died instantly.

Various gods and goddesses ride various animals and birds. Rat is Vinayaka's vehicle.



LIFE ETERNAL

WHILE Brahma-dutt was ruling Banaras there was a vassal king called Chirayu. Nagarjun who was an incarnation of Bodhisatva was minister for Chirayu.

Nagarjun was both kind and charitable. He was also an expert in chemical and herbal preparations. He discovered a chemical agent by which he made himself as well as the king free from old age and death. But as it was a matter of very rare chemicals and involved extraordinary cost, he could extend this immunity to none else.

Now, the best loved son of Nagarjun, a brilliant boy named Somadev happened to die, plunging his father in deep sorrow.

"There shall be no more deaths," Nagarjun swore. "I shall find the means to conquer death at all cost."

Chemicals were too costly and too limited to serve the entire mankind. So, Nagarjun carried on his researches with herbs, intensely and for a long time. At last they bore fruit and he was in the final stage of preparing the Nectar of Eternal Life.

Indra, the Ruler of Heaven, was annoyed when he heard of Nagarjun's experiments. He called upon the Aswins, the divine physicians, and told them, "Go to earth and frustrate the experiments of Nagarjun by every means at your disposal."

A JATAKA TALE

The Aswins changed themselves into human beings and called upon Nagarjun.

"O, wise Minister, being yourself a past master in administration, why have you embarked upon a scheme which would upset the entire administration of the Universe ?" they said. "You are transgressing the Divine Law which makes man mortal. You are also encroaching upon the rights of the gods who alone have the privilege of conferring immortality upon souls. It is not proper that you should take upon yourself the task of removing the distinction between mortals and immortals. You are, no doubt, aggrieved that your son was dead. But we assure you he is happy in Heaven."

Nagarjun was not completely convinced by this logic. But, being a reasonable man, he debated within himself whether his aim was really correct.

Soon after this, Jayasen, the son of Chirayu was crowned as the future king. Great preparations and festivities were organised for the crowning ceremony.

In the meantime the Aswins returned to Indra and reported to him that they were not successful in pursuading Nagarjun to give up his quest for universal immortality. So, Indra disguised himself as an old Brahman and went to the Crown Prince, Jayasen.

"I am sorry for you, young man," he said. "Though you

are crowned as the future king you have no future as a king. You must be aware that Nagarjun has already made your father immune from old age and death. You'll die only as Crown Prince."

The young man was crestfallen on hearing this. He never had a chance to sit on the throne. What this old Brahman said was true. The old king would be still on the throne after his great-grand children too were dead. His crowning ceremony was a cruel farce.

"However," said Indra, "There is a way of getting over this difficulty, if you follow my advice. Nagarjun never denies anything to any one before he sits for his meal. Go to him and ask him boldly for his head. You'll see that your way to the throne will be clear."

Crown Prince, Jayasen followed the old man's advice and asked Nagarjun for his head. Nagarjun did not hesitate for a moment. He gave the young prince a sword and said, "Take my head."

But Nagarjun was already immune from old age and death, and the sword bounced away from his neck without even scratching it.

Meanwhile the king heard of the whole affair and came running anxiously. He tried to dissuade his son from his foolish attempt.

"Do not find fault with your son, O King," Nagarjun said. "He is only an instrument in bigger hands. I am aware of the entire scheme behind his request. I have given up my head ninety-nine times in my past births. Let this be the hundredth time."

Nagarjun applied the juice of a herb to the edge of the sword and asked the prince to sever his head. This time, with a single stroke of the sword the prince separated Nagarjun's head from his body.

Seeing this atrocity, King Chirayu, too, tried to kill himself but Nagarjun's head said to him, "Grieve not, my King. I am always with you."

In utter disgust the king renounced everything, sat his son on the throne and went into the forest to spend his time in penance and meditation.

Thus Jayasen got his throne and Indra had the satisfaction of frustrating Nagarjun's attempts to impart Eternal Life to all human beings of all ages. What Nagarjun almost succeeded in achieving no one attempted again. That is why we are all still mortal.

3

(Samarsen, the commander-in-chief of the Isle of Kundalini started on a voyage of plunder. On the sea a violent storm broke out and his ships at last reached a strange island which Samarsen and his six followers started to survey and came across prehistoric creatures.)

SAMARSEN and his men promptly climbed up the nearest tree and took shelter there. Meanwhile the mammoth was looking for a way of escape from the lions which were after him like a pair of hounds.

One of the soldiers said to Samarsen, "Commander, we have managed to get into a nice mess. What wealth can we expect on this frightful island?"

Another said, "If we can get out of this place alive that is wealth enough!"

Samarsen was deep in thought. While the rest of the world had progressed this place was still passing through the Old Stone Age. It was very doubtful whether there were any men on this island. It was not easy to imagine anything like modern wealth in this place.

Samarsen's thoughts were rudely disturbed by a fearsome shout which seemed to fill and echo through the entire jungle.

"Hey, Death's-head! Hey, Devil's Serpent! Come on, Come on! Look for the rascal, Four-eyes and destory him."

The language was human but the voice was not. The voice was so frightening that the hearts of Samarsen and his men were chilled by it. It had the same effect on the prehistoric creatures around the pond. They ran about in panic and made themselves scarce. The ape-men concealed themselves behind branches.

Then, the person who uttered those words came into view. He was standing near the pond. He was enormously tall for a human being. He was looking around only with his left eye. The other eye appeared to be permanently closed. What was more uncanny was the fact that a grinning human skull was floating in the air just above his head, while a

huge serpent coiled around his feet, baring its fangs and thrusting out its vicious, forked tongue.

The tall fellow again shouted, "On the Isle of Sorcery, over the Mount of Brambles, on the top of the Prickly Hill, from the top of the Bare Stone, what do you see, Death's-head?"

The Death's-head laughed hollowly and chattered out the reply, "A ship dancing in the mid-ocean! Immense wealth inside the ship! Outside the ship, the Mermaid on the watch! Kill the Mermaid—the wealth is ours!"

"Yes—if we can do it!" said One-eye in his booming voice. "But....Four-eyes, the devil take him!...."

Samarsen who was listening to all this was both frightened and intrigued by what he had heard. It was clear to him that they were now on the Isle of Sorcery. Evidently, if one got up the Prickly Hill and stood on a certain rock one could see a ship of riches floating on the sea.

But then, who was this Four-eyes? What was the nature of the enmity between One-eye and Four-eyes? Could it be on account of the wealth in the ship or was there any other reason?

As Samarsen was asking himself these questions One-eye disappeared into the forest, the Death's-head and the Devil's Serpent following him.

Now Samarsen's followers heaved a sigh of relief. But fear still lingered on their faces as they looked at their leader.

One of them said, "This One-eye seems to be a Sorcerer. See the skull and the snake that accompany him. They are enough to give anyone the creeps. Our valour and bravery are of no avail against magic. I am thinking that the sooner we leave this place the better for all of us!"

Samarsen's reply amazed every one. He said, "At last we have an assurance that there is wealth around this place. What we require is the courage and fortitude necessary to obtain it."

He got down the tree and his men too did so. They had not the least idea what their leader proposed to do next. To the baffled men Samarsen said, "our first effort should be to get a glimpse of this ship in the sea. For that we must know where the Prickly Hill is."

"But can we believe this sorcerer, One-eye?" one of the men said.

Samarsen replied, "There is no doubt that what One-eye asked and the Death's-head replied was all true. They had no need to fool anyone. But there are other troubles confronting us. For instance, we have heard that a mermaid is keeping watch over the treasure in the ship. We have also reason to believe that there is some sort of rivalry between One-eye and another called Four-eyes. It is quite likely that Four-eyes too is going to prove a stumbling block to us in our efforts to get at the treasure in the ship. We must

find out a way of overcoming all these difficulties."

The men were quite incapable of giving any suggestions. They were now more frightened than ever before.

Samarsen took a cautious look round and led the way while his men followed him behind. They had not gone very far when they heard an ear-splitting shriek. Samarsen looked up and saw an awesome, black owl flying over them, crying in human voice, "Four-eyes, Four-eyes! The human scum! Beware of the human scum!"

The Awesome Owl went on repeating this warning, to the dismay of Samarsen and his men. They were amazed at the power of the sorcerer who could make an owl speak the language of man. Such a sorcerer could do almost anything!

But there was yet another surprise in store for them. For, from the branches above, a huge Ape-man jumped down and the

Awesome Owl, which had been flying around and hooting human words, swooped down on to the shoulder of the Ape-man and whispered something in his ear.

The Ape-man suddenly turned round and saw Samarsen and his men. Then he caught hold of the creepers hanging from the trees and, swinging from one tree to another in easy bounds, was soon out of sight.

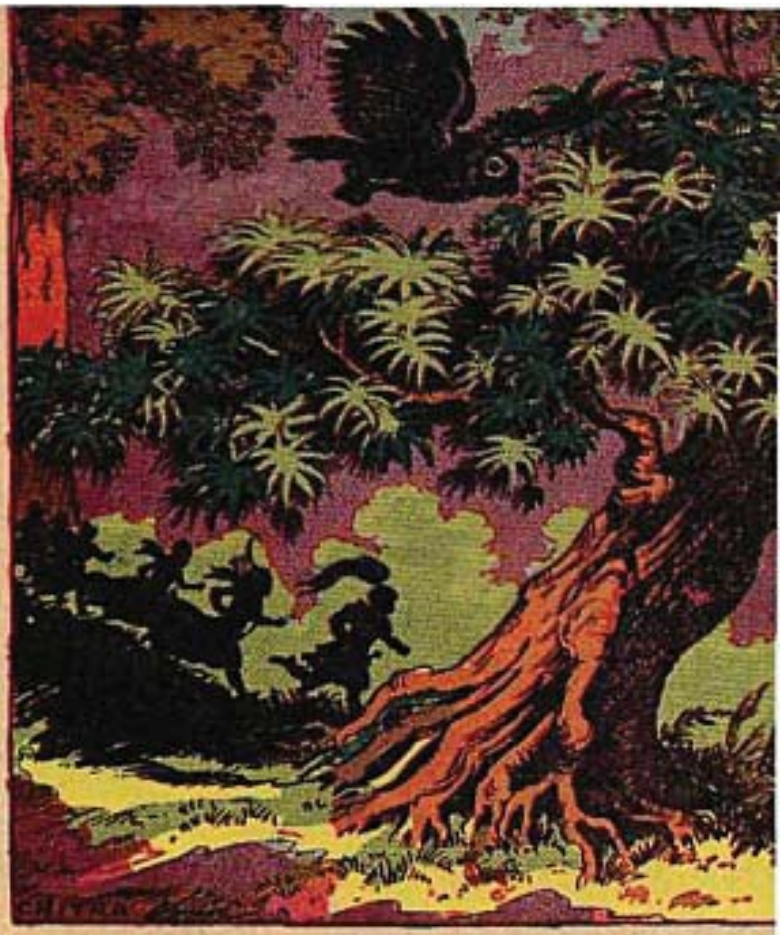
One of the men entreated Samarsen, "Enough, Commader! Let us turn back. We have nothing to gain on this Isle of Sorcery. Our swords and arrows are brushwood to these sorcerers who use bird and beast as their messengers. Let us turn back."

Samarsen appeared not to have heard these entreaties. He was looking at the Awesome Owl which was regarding them with his horrible, red eyes. Suddenly Samarsen snatched a bow from one of his followers and, setting an arrow to it, pulled the cord.

"Don't shoot that Magic Bird, Commander," said one of the men in anguish. "we may become the enemies of the sorcerer!"

"Let us settle this once for all. Let us measure our power against theirs. Anyway, we have gone too far to turn back," Samarsen said smiling.

He trained the arrow upon the owl and let it fly. In another instant it struck the owl. But, if Samarsen had expected the owl to fall down and die, he was completely disillusioned.



The Owl plucked away the arrow sticking in his wing with his beak and cried out, "You human scum! You hope to kill me whom the sorcerer One-eye could not touch? You and your silly arrows! Just wait till Four-eyes squeezes the blood out of you!"

Samarsen was now really frightened. He knew what fate awaited him and his men. With a sign to his men to follow him, he dashed away into the forest. But the Awesome Owl chased them over the tree tops and kept following them.

Samarsen's intention was to reach the east coast where their ships lay at anchor. But he lost the way and he knew it after an hour's efforts. The owl was still after them so that they could not stop for consultation among themselves.

The situation was a very unusual one. Samarsen was a really brave man and he had the fortitude to make an effort to achieve his end. The Isle of Sorcery, which at first sight appeared to be devoid of any wealth turned out to be in possession of great riches. But Samarsen had not yet seen either the ship or the mermaid, said to be guarding it.

To add to the troubles involved in getting at these riches there were atleast two sorcerers with whom Samarsen had to contend. He had seen one of them, and the creatures of the other. There was not the least doubt that Samarsen and his men were no

match to either of these sorcerers. True, the sorcerers were mutual enimies, but Samarsen was too indiscreet in incurring the enmity of one of them by hitting the owl with an arrow. The other sorcerer had his eye on the treasure and he was not likely to help Samarsen.

One way out of this predicament was to reach their ships and leave the accursed island for good. But even here fate had played a dirty trick on them and they lost their way.

Still, they had to take stock of their position and Samarsen stopped, leaning against the trunk of a tree. His men surrounded him anxiously. "We have lost our way," said Samarsen. "We have also incurred the enmity of a sorcerer. It seems to me that we have very little left to do except praying to Mother Kundalini."

"Let us first get rid of the Awesome Owl somehow," one of the men suggested.

At that very instant the entire forest reverberated with the booming voice of One-eye, "Death's-head! Devil's Serpent!...."

At this sound the messenger of Four-eyes, the Awesome Owl took wing and flew away. The men were now free from the owl but were beset by fear of One-eye. They began to run away as fast as their legs would carry them, not caring where they went.

—(To be continued)

IN Karnataka there was a venerable pandit called Sudh-mati. Having spent forty years of his life in studies at Banaras, he thought of marriage in his fiftieth year. Because he was a well-read man he easily found a wife.

This man naturally had a number of students with him. His young wife was a guileless, innocent creature. She freely talked and joked with her husband's disciples and Sudh-mati began to be tormented by suspicion regarding his wife's conduct.

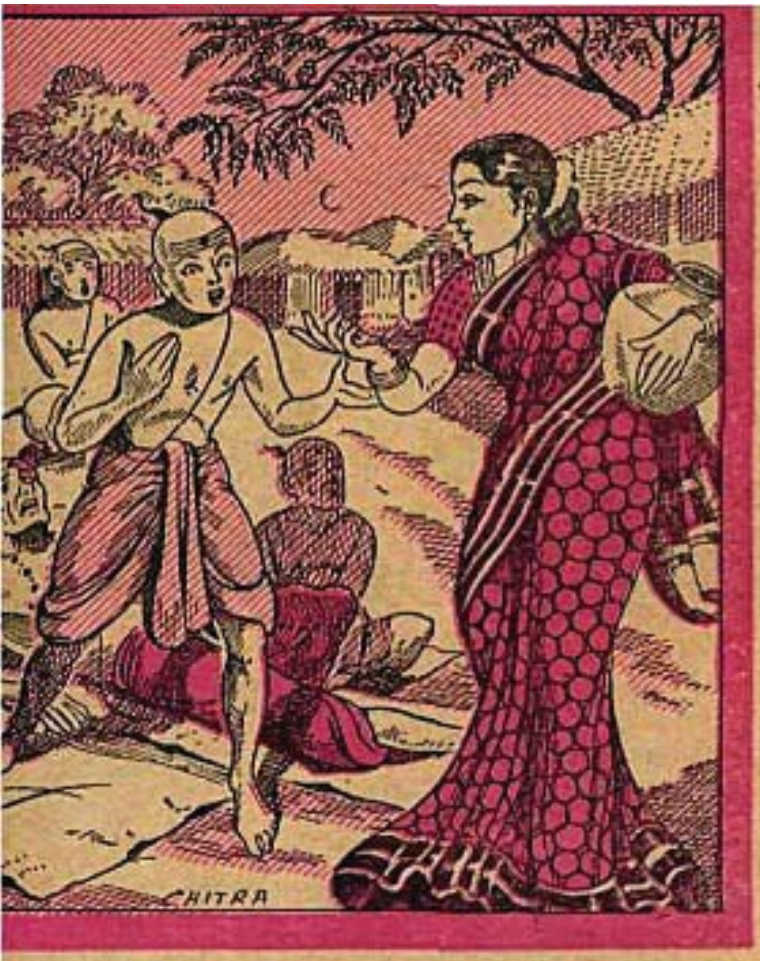
Torn by the fangs of suspicion he decided to seek peace by running away from home. One night he left and early in the morning his disciples discovered his flight. Four of them who were very anxious to study under this learned man; at once started in search of him and overtook him in a certain village.

"Why are you after me ?" said the learned man to his disciples. "I am dissatisfied with my wife's conduct and hence going away."

"What is wrong with her conduct ?" the young fellows asked their teacher. "She is like our own mother, so kind to us. What made you suspect her ? In any case, we are determined to be with you. We want you alone for our teacher."

The learned man was glad to know that his suspicion was groundless. He started back home along with his four disciples. On their way they arrived at a town. The sun was already hot and all of them were tired.

G. S. NAYAK



To have some rest they sat right on the road and began to fan themselves. There were shady pials in front of all the houses along the road but it did not occur to them to seek their shelter.

Presently a lady came along the road. She had a water-pot in her hand. She was going to the well. She saw the men resting on the road and inquired, "Who are you, gentlemen?"

"Mother," they replied politely, "we are foreigners."

"You are not foreigners," said the lady. Then she went away.

The five of them looked at one another in surprise. When they saw her returning they said, "well, then, we are way-farers."

"No," she said. "You are not way-farers." Then she went away.

When she went by on her second trip to the well, they said, "Will you please agree that we are travellers?"

"I won't," said the lady and she passed.

The disciples talked over the whole thing among themselves and came to the conclusion that this lady was a very wise woman indeed and they must find out who they really were. So they stopped her as she was going home with the water and asked her, "You see, we are really fools, but...."

She did not allow them to finish. She smiled and said, "No, no. You are not fools either."

"Then," said the young boys in anguish, "for heaven's sake, do tell us who we are!"

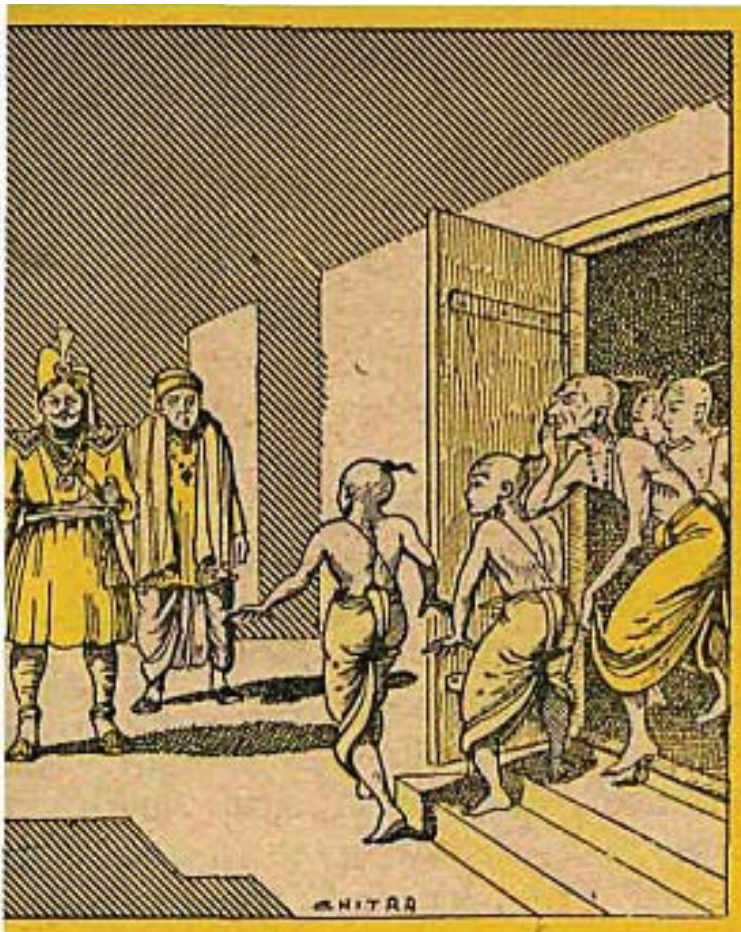
"I shall tell you who you are," replied the lady. "But it is time

for you to be having a bath and a meal. First, follow me to my house and prepare your food."

They were not aware of the fact that they would be needing a meal quite soon. They were very happy at the invitation. The lady took them to her house, showed them the kitchen and told them, "My husband has gone to read *puran* to the king. He will be returning by noon. He is a suspicious man and you must finish your bathing, praying and eating before he returns."

The guests agreed to do so, but, lacking in worldly wisdom they went on bathing and praying at their own tedious pace. The lady's husband turned up long before the guests departed.

This Brahman was indeed a very suspicious man. He had long suspected his wife of being unfaithful to him. He made several attempts to catch her red-handed but failed. Now he was convinced that he caught his wife red-handed. He saw some men in the kitchen and locked the door from outside. He then went round the house and saw his wife busy in another room. He locked this room too.



Then he went to the king. Seeing the Brahman return so soon the king asked him what the matter was.

"O King, I told you again and again that my wife is immoral. I requested you to punish her. But you insisted upon proof. Well, I can show you proof of my wife's faithlessness if you can come with me. She has hidden *five* lovers in the kitchen," said the Brahman.

Very much upset at this news the king followed the Brahman to his house. The kitchen door was unlocked and the five frightened innocents were seen huddled together like rabbits.

"Who are you, my good men?" the king asked them.

"If we knew that," said the strangers, "we need not have come here. The good lady of the house promised to tell us who we are after we had our food."

They told their tale to the king who was now convinced that they were quite as innocent as the lady whom her husband suspected unnecessarily.

He then asked the Brahman to bring his wife out.

"Dear lady," said the king, "I know you are innocent. But tell me, why did you deny that the strangers were foreigners?"

"Sir," said the lady to the king, "while going for water I saw these men sitting and taking rest right on the road, while there were pials and shade all along the road. I knew they were innocents and, in order to have a pretext for inviting them to my house, I asked them who they were. And they said that they

were foreigners. Now, those who talk our own language cannot be foreigners to us. So I denied their statement."

"That is true enough," said the king. "Why did you deny that they were way-farers and travellers ?"

"Because," replied the lady, "way-farers know where to rest and travellers use a road for travelling alone."

"I see," said the king. "Why did you object to their saying that they were fools ? Fools they certainly were !"

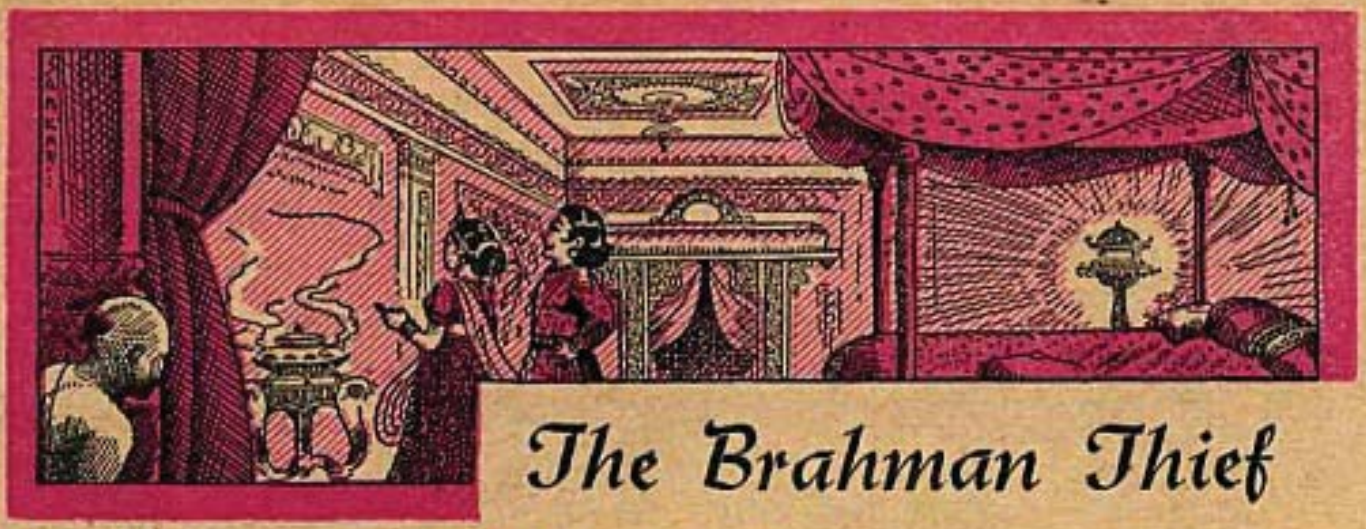
The king saw her hesitate and encouraged her, saying, "Do not be afraid. I shall see that no harm comes to you. Clear my doubt, please."

"Sir," the lady said, "however ignorant of the world and its ways, it is not proper to call learned and guileless men fools. In my opinion that word should be applied to one who suspects his wife of hiding *five* lovers together in the kitchen at the time of midday and a king who believes it and comes in person to see for himself this evidence of a woman's faithlessness."

The king bent his head in disgrace. The Brahman said, "O King, punish me for being a victim of foul suspicion."

"O King," said Sudh-mati coming forward, "I too had been polluted with suspicion. I deserve whatever punishment you give to this Brahman." He narrated his tale to the king.

"At least, in future," said the king, "you'll do well to treat your wives with respect."



The Brahman Thief

KING Bhoja was in the habit of spending large amounts of money by way of gifts to pandits and poets. The minister was anxious to curtail this expenditure somehow. He could not very well go to the king and say, "Sire, you cannot spend so much money on these poets and panditis. If you do so, our treasury will be empty." It would only make the king wild with anger. So, the minister, one day, sneaked into the king's bedchamber and wrote upon its wall,

"आपदर्थम् धनम् रक्षेत्"

(Money should be saved against times of evil)

That night King Bhoja saw the writing on the wall. He understood that someone wanted to warn him about his overspending. Underneath the minister's words the king wrote,

श्रीमता मापदः कुतः ?

(Do evils visit the great ?)

The next day the minister saw the king's question and wrote on the wall,

सा चे दपगता लक्ष्मीः

(Should the goddess of Wealth depart)

The king replied to this with,

संचितार्थो विनश्यति

(That which is saved also goes.)

That very night a poor Brahman entered King Bhoja's bedchamber with the intention of stealing something, and hid behind the curtains. This man was

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quite cultured. He took to theft as the only way out of insufferable poverty. When he entered the room he found plenty of rich ornaments and clothes. But at the last minute his conscience pricked him and he could not steal anything. As he was thinking of going out, King Bhoja and Queen Lilavati entered the room and the miserable Brahman had to hide behind the curtains.

Lilavati saw the writing on the wall and questioned the king about it. Bhoja explained the lines written by someone on the wall and his replies thereto and then said in a verse,

चेतोहरा युवतय स्सुहृदो नुकूलाः
सद्बान्धवाः प्रणयगर्भगिरिश्च भृत्याः
वल्गन्तिदन्तिनिवहा स्तरला स्तुरङ्गाः

(I've beautiful women, inestimable friends, good-hearted relations, servants who please me with their talk, stalking elephants and galloping horses—)

Hearing the king brag on in this vein, the Brahman behind the curtains got furious and completed what Bhoja was saying with,

सम्मीलने नयनयो र्नहि किंचिदस्ति

(Once you close your eyes forever there is exactly nothing.)

"Who is that ?" shouted the king, stung to the quick.

The Brahman came forward and courtesying to the king told him his tale. Bhoja pitied the man and gave him plenty of ornaments and clothes so that the Brahman was saved from poverty.

The Third Bridegroom

MANTRAPALA was king of Amaravati and Chandramati was his queen. They had a very beautiful daughter named Hyma. The king and queen wished that Hyma should become the wife of Jaya-bhadra, prince of Maniprastha.

Jaya was the seventh son and had no right to his father's throne. But it was predicted that he would become a monarch. He belonged to a distinguished family and was a highly desirable young man.

But the hopes of Hyma's parents were dashed to pieces. While sending messengers to various countries in search of a bride for Jaya, his father ignored Amaravati altogether. "Ah, well!" said Mantrapala. "Evidently we are not good enough for them!"

He instituted a search for likely young men to marry his daughter. He found only two. One was the prince of Kalinga named Guna-varma and the other the prince of Lalat named Dhana-varma. While the former was virtually bankrupt the latter was almost illiterate, and the king had to choose between them!

Even with so little choice Hyma's parents managed to disagree with each other. The king preferred the educated Guna-varma while the queen fancied the moneyed Dhana-varma. The

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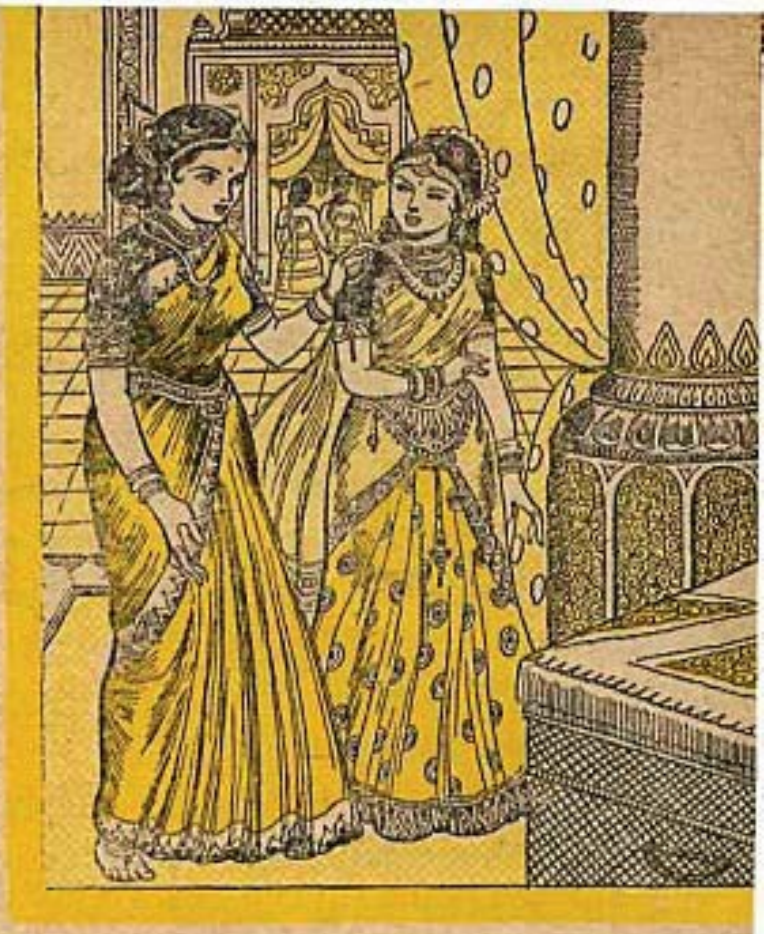
king being the final arbiter, he fixed up Hyma's marriage with Guna-varma and started preparations for it.

The queen who was equally determined to marry her daughter to a man of her own choice, sent word to Lalat, instructing Dhana-varma to come for the marriage secretly and silently.

Thus, while Guna-varma arrived with a lot of fanfare and lodged in the royal guest house, his rival, Dhana-varma arrived silently with a small retinue and put up in a common choultry.

Hyma was resplendently decorated in her bridal costume. The auspicious moment was at hand. The queen approached Hyma and told her, "My darling, if you want to be happily married do as I tell you. Sit in a basket and I shall send you to the right bridegroom. If not, you will be tied up with that pauper, Guna-varma."

Believing that her mother knew best, Hyma agreed to be carried



off secretly in a basket. The basket in which she sat was covered with a cloth and a palace maid took the basket on her head. Hyma could not only breathe freely through the chinks in the basket but she could also see everything.

The maid was well-known to the guards of the palace and no one obstructed her. Only when she was almost arrived at her destination did trouble occur. On account of the carelessness of the new occupants of the choul-

try the houses in the neighbourhood caught fire and the entire place was a pandemonium. The road was littered with things removed from the burning houses. People were running and shouting. The palace maid tried her best to make her way through the various articles and furniture lying pell-mell on the road. But someone held her up, calling her thief, and made her put down the basket. Resisting was dangerous and the maid sneaked away, leaving Hyma in the basket among the things on the road. Presently a number of well-dressed men came along riding on horses. They calmly loaded their horses with whatever caught their eye. One of them took the basket in which Hyma was hiding. Then they departed like lords. These were real robbers but no one thought of holding them up.

These robbers rode till dawn and arrived in the thickest part of the jungle. They got down their loot from the backs of the

horses and began to divide it. The robber who took the basket thought that it would contain either flowers or fruit and he did not care to take it down from the horse. Having nobody to mind him, the horse carrying Hyma wandered away in search of food. At one place the basket tilted and fell down.

By the time Hyma came out of the basket there was nothing but wilderness all about her. The robbers were left far behind. Even the horse had disappeared. Tormented by hunger and thirst, not knowing whither she went, Hyma began to walk endlessly along the jungle footpaths.

Suddenly a fierce tiger came from behind a bush and stopped. Hyma gave a frightened shriek and closed her eyes. When she opened them again she saw a face more frightening than that of the tiger. It was the face of a tribesman who had saved Hyma from the tiger just at the nick of

the moment. Though his face was ugly, he had a heart of gold.

"Lady," said the tribesman, "this is no place for you. Soon it will be dark and tigers will come prowling. Spend this night under my roof and I shall get you out of this forest tomorrow morning."

In his anxiety for Hyma's safety the poor fool forgot the tiger he had killed. The moment his wife set eyes upon Hyma, she was enraged and asked, "Where did you find this bride?"

The unhappy husband told her truthfully what all had happened but the wife was not convinced. Why didn't he bring home the tiger after killing it ? She fell upon her husband in a great rage, tore his hair, scratched his face, kicked him and went crying to her own people. Her people came to settle the dispute and finally gave their verdict :

"Since you have not brought this woman for your own pleasure and since she is the cause of dispute between you both, let us take her away and throw her into a deep well."

The tribesman was sorry for this decision but, if he objected to it, his wife's people were sure to kill him for trying to get another wife. The mediators carried Hyma to a deep and dilapidated well in the thick of the forest and threw her in it.

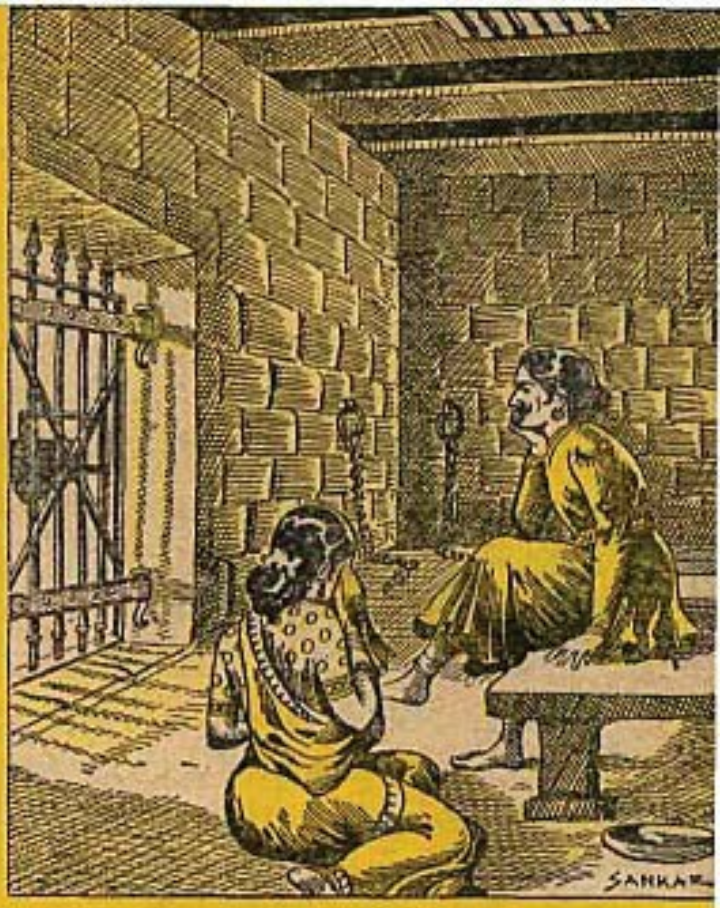
But Hyma was not fated to die in it. She found some branches growing out of the walls of this well and clung to them till daybreak. Next morning some-

one happened to look into this well and found Hyma in it.

This person was none other than Jaya, the seventh son of the king of Mani-prastha. He had come to this forest the previous day on a hunting expedition. In his enthusiasm for the chase he lost trace of his followers and kept wandering in the forest in search of water. Now he found not only water but also a strange, beautiful girl looking like a bride and yet dying of starvation and exposure so far away from home.

Jaya learnt Hyma's story after saving her from the well. He sat her on his horse and started in search of a village. They managed to reach one by nightfall. They went to a choultry, cooked for themselves some food and lay down to sleep.

The same day some Brahman travellers from Amaravati arrived at that village. That night they lay down on the pial of the choultry to sleep. From their



talk Hyma learnt of the happenings at Amaravati. The king had come to know that the queen had tried to marry off Hyma secretly. A search was made for Hyma, and, when she was not found, both the bridegrooms accused Hyma's parents of having played a practical joke, threw them in the gaol and took charge of the state.

Hyma began to weep for her unhappy parents.

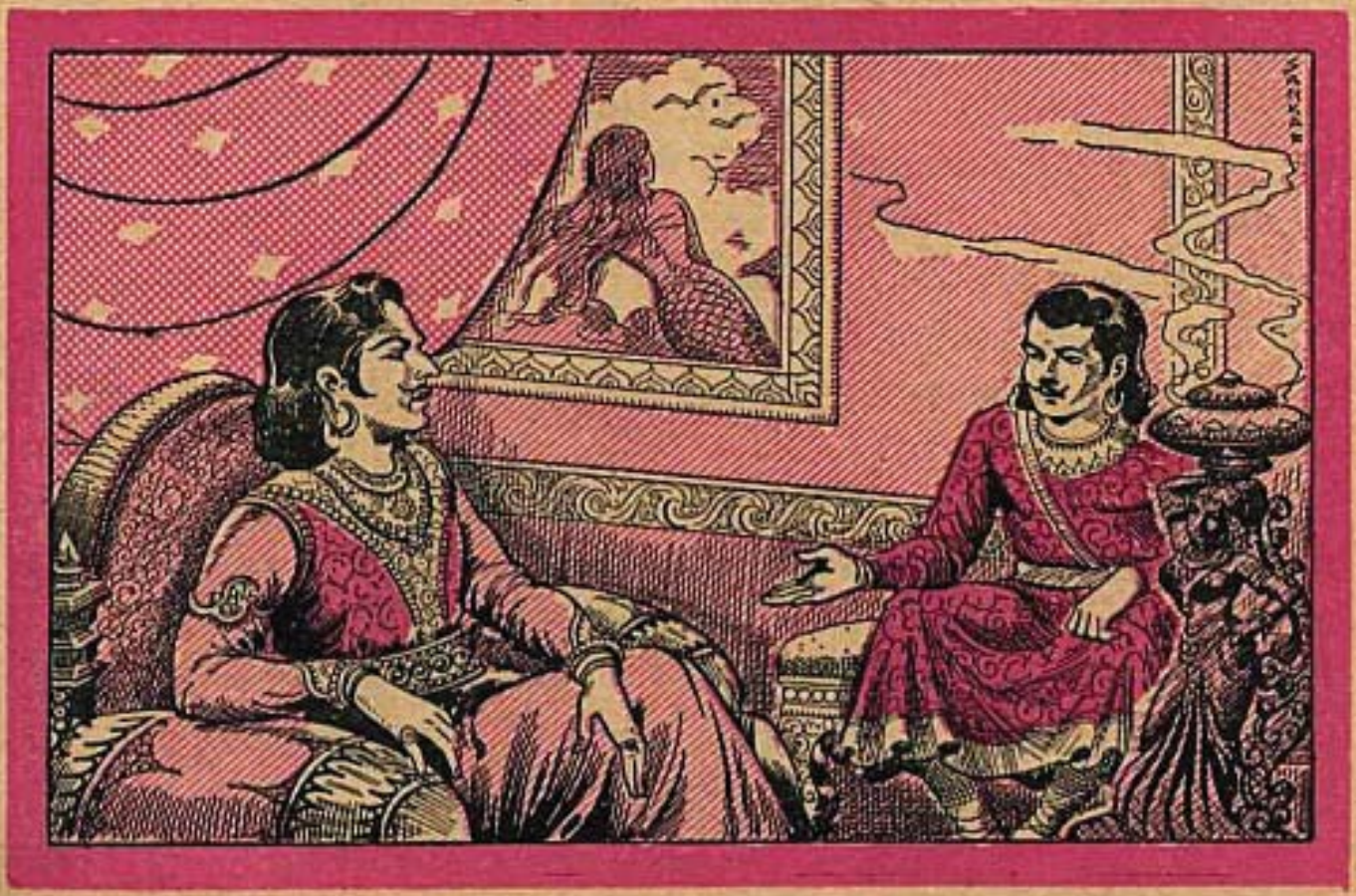
"Do not worry about your parents," Jaya consoled her. "I

shall somehow hoodwink Guna-varma and Dhana-varma and liberate your father and mother. Only, tell me which one of them you would like for a husband."

"I don't want any one of those rascals," Hyma replied so vehemently that Jaya did not pursue the subject further.

Next day they started for Amaravati breaking their journey in the evenings at one village or other. For expenses Hyma sold her ornaments one after another. Taking advantage of the need of the sellers the buyers offered very low prices. But they paid very dearly for it quite soon. For, the king's men who were still searching for Princess Hyma, came to these villages, identified her ornaments, arrested the merchants who had bought them, and marched them off to Amaravati.

On reaching Amaravati Jaya disguised Hyma and lodged her in a safe place. Then he went to court and made the acquaintance of Guna-varma and Dhana-



varma. He soon got into their confidence.

"It looks to me," Jaya, one day, said to Dhana-varma, "that you are still looking for Princess Hyma. If only I had a thousand rupees I could show you where she is."

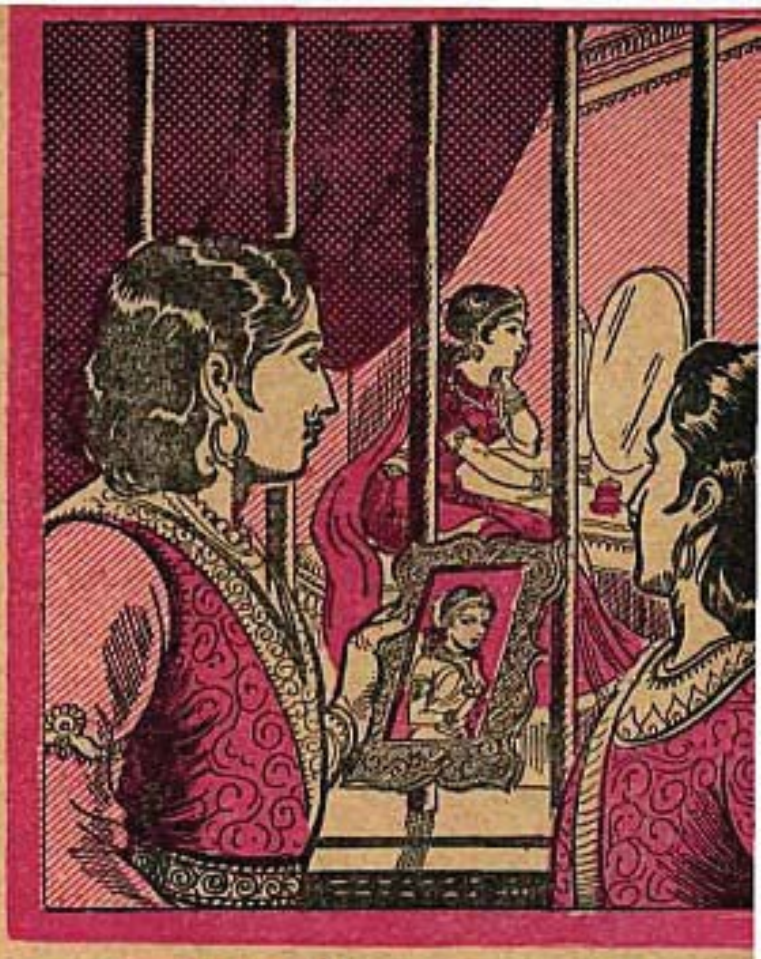
"Take two thousand, if you want. But where is she?" Dhana-varma asked anxiously.

"Don't you know that Guna-varma is hiding her from you?" Jaya asked him.

"Can you prove it?" Dhana-varma said.

"This very night!" said Jaya.

He made a similar offer to Guna - varma after convincing him that Dhana - varma had Hyma in his possession. Then he went into the city and hired for himself a big mansion into which he shifted Hyma. He let her remove her disguise and instructed her to light up the entire house and keep awake for him late into the night. Then he



sent word to Dhana-varma to come to such-and-such place at 10 o'clock in the night and to Guna-varma to come an hour later.

At the appointed hour Dhana-varma arrived and met Jaya. "Where is Guna-varma?" he asked, "You shall see him when he comes," Jaya said. "First have a look at the princess."

Jaya then took him to a window and showed him Hyma inside. From the portrait he was carrying Dhana-varma could identify

her easily. Then Jaya took him to the other side of the mansion and they entered through a side-door. They came into a passage with two rooms on the side of it.

"Wait in the first room. You will be able to see Guna-varma as he goes in," Jaya said.

Dhana-varma entered the first room and waited. Soon, Guna-varma also arrived. Jaya showed Hyma to him and then told him to wait in the second room on the passage so that Dhana-varma could see him as he went past the first room.

Jaya met Dhana-varma and asked him whether he was satisfied. Then he asked him to leave the house by the other end of the passage. When Dhana-varma passed the second room, Guna-varma saw him and was convinced that Dhana-varma had been playing a dirty trick on him all this time.

Both Guna-varma and Dhana-varma were now deadly enemies thirsting for vengeance. When they came to court next day they embraced each other, as usual, but stabbed each other in the back and died on the spot.

Jaya at once ordered the release of the king and queen as well as the merchants who were imprisoned for being in possession of Hyma's ornaments. The original wish of the king and queen was fulfilled and Hyma who was in love with her rescuer became Jaya's wife after all.

PSEUDO KHALIFA

In the ancient city of Baghdad there was an extremely rich merchant who traded in diamonds and other precious stones. He had numberless mansions, shops, yards, sites and orchards besides hundreds of slaves. When the merchant died all this enormous wealth came into the possession of his son, Mahammad Ali.

One day, as Mahammad Ali was doing business in his main shop, a lady of rare grace and beauty entered the shop, accompanied by several maids. She wanted to see some necklaces.

Mahammad Ali who fell in love with this lady the moment he saw her, displayed before her a hundred beautiful necklaces of excellent designs and workmanship.

"Have you nothing better than these?" the lady asked him.

Ali's father had once bought a very rare necklace, paying a price of a hundred thousand dinars. Unhesitatingly Ali brought it forth and showed it to the beautiful customer.

"This is lovely," the lady said, overjoyed. "I am ready to pay whatever you ask for it."

"Madam," said Ali, "it is of no value to me. Accept it as my gift and I am paid."

However, the lady insisted on paying for it a lakh dinars and five thousand more as interest.

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She requested Ali to go with her to her house and collect the money.

They reached her quarters and she permitted Ali to fix the necklace around her neck with his own hands. She looked even more lovely with the necklace and Ali fell on his knees and implored her, "Madam, the necklace is yours. So am I! Accept both of us and make me happy."

The lady smiled. "My friend," she said, "I am equally in love with you. The necklace was only a pretext. What I really wanted was to see you and talk to you. But I am not a common woman. My brother is Jafar, the well-known Vazir of the Khalifa. So, you cannot make confessions of love to me till we are married."

Ali's face fell the moment he learnt that she was the sister of the Vazir. Marriage between them was not in the realm of possibility.

The lady smiled at his disappointment. "Because I am highly placed," she said, "don't think I am not free or independent." That very minute she sent for the Kadi who performed their marriage at once.

A month went by. During this time Ali lived in his wife's house, feasting and listening to music and never away from his wife for a minute. Not even once did he think of his home or his shop.

Then, one morning, while Ali's wife had been to her bath, an

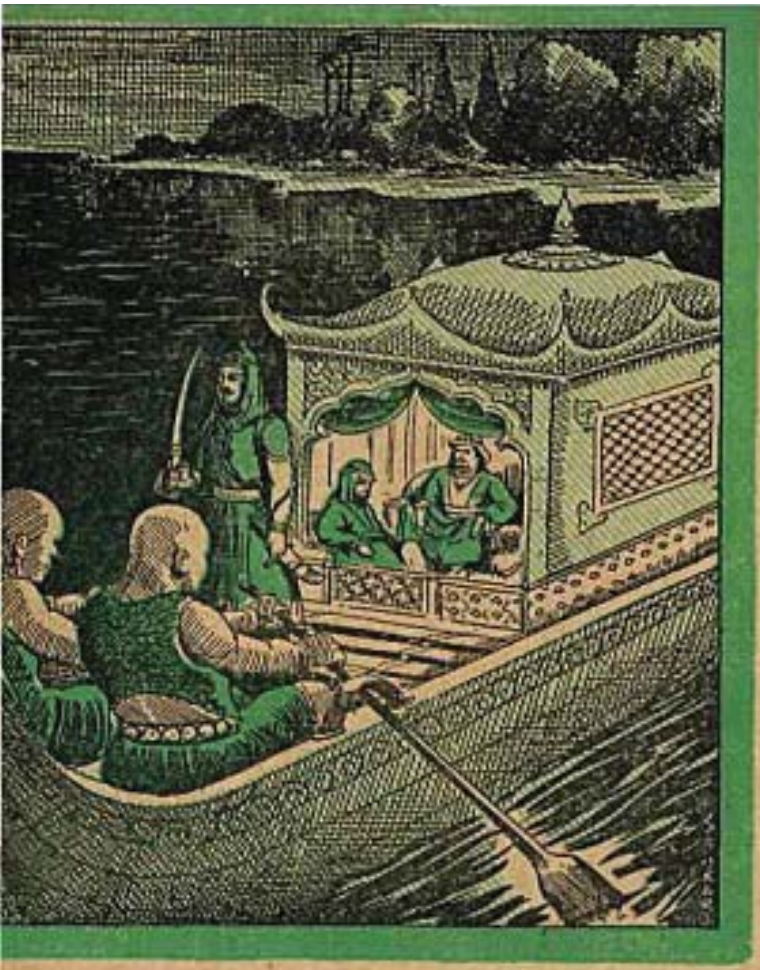
old woman came and told Ali that Zubeda, the wife of the Khalifa wanted to see him. Ali was reluctant to go without telling his wife who would feel for his separation even for a short time. On the other hand, it would not be proper to disobey the Khalifa's wife!

Ali decided to follow the old woman and see Zubeda. He could explain things to his wife later. He did not know that Zubeda was the mortal enemy of his wife!

Zubeda received him with warmth and said, "I wanted to see for myself what sort of man our Vazir's sister fell in love with. You are really a match for her." After some chitchat Zubeda permitted him to return back to his wife.

On his return Ali found his wife raging and fuming like a tigress.

"How dare you leave me, you wretch, to see that hag, Zubeda! Having gone, why did you come

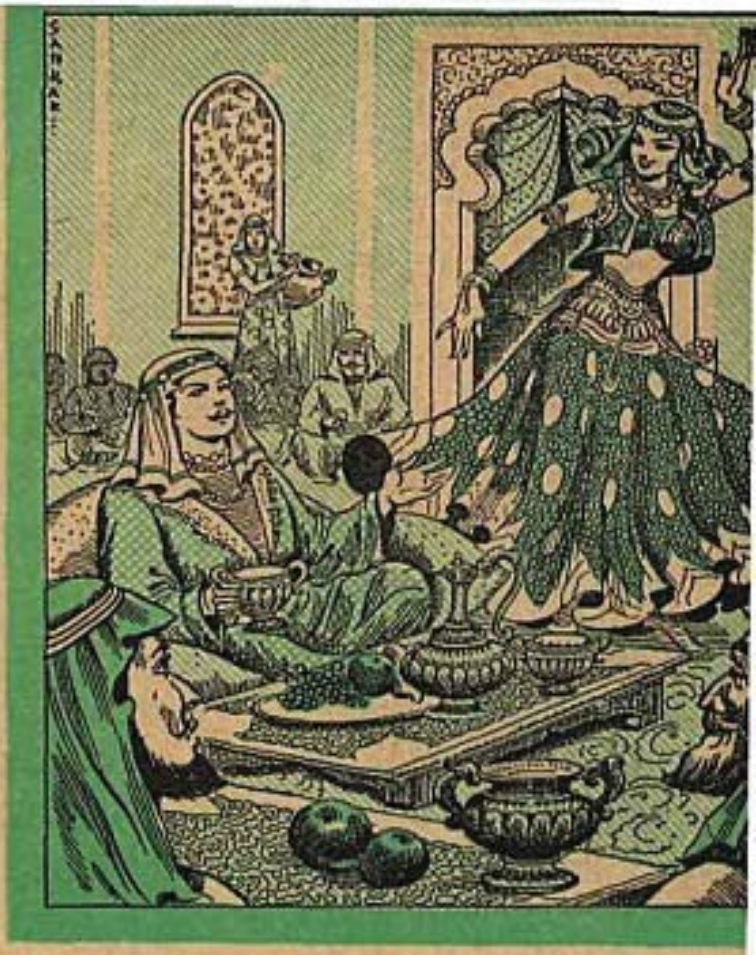


back?" she shouted. Then she clapped her hands and a tall man entered bearing a huge sword. "Cut off his head!" the mistress ordered him.

Ali was saved from instantaneous death by the entreaties of the servants of the house who liked and respected him. So, the indignant mistress contented herself with having her husband whipped severely. Then Ali was thrown out of the house.

Having paid for his unequal marriage thus, Ali somehow managed to reach home. He was in bed for two months before his wounds healed. Then he went to his shop and sold everything in it for whatever he could get and got a lot of cash.

With this money Ali started to spend his time in a certain manner which he thought would help to heal the wounds sustained by his mind. He started by buying 400 slaves and dressed all of them gorgeously. From among them he selected one who resembled Jafar, the Vazir and another who resembled Masrur, the Khalifa's Sword-bearer. He got for himself a dress identical with that of the Khalifa and engaged a boat. Every night Ali would sit in the boat dressed like the Khalifa, with the pseudo Jafar and the pseudo Masrur on his either side and go down the Tigris. As the illuminated boat went along Ali's slaves shouted, "Make way for the Khalifa's boat! Make way!"



No one ever doubted that it was the Khalifa's boat and all other craft used to hug the banks as Ali's boat went on.

This went on for a year and then, one night, the Khalifa himself came to the banks of the Tigris accompanied, as always, by Jafar and Masrur. All the three of them were disguised as merchants. The Khalifa was in the habit of walking the streets of Baghdad in disguise on such nights as when he could not sleep.

On reaching the banks of the Tigris, the Khalifa and his companions found a boat and asked its owner if he would take them on the river for a dinar.

"Friends, you appear to be strangers to this city," the boatman said. "That is why you don't know that every day the Khalifa's boat comes along at this time of the night."

The three men looked at one another. They were sure that the man was lying. But, just at that moment, a boat blazing with lights appeared in the distance and came towards them. They could hear the shouts, "Make way for the Khalifa's boat!" As it came nearer they could see a young man, dressed like the Khalifa, sitting in the middle of the boat and on his either side were two men who could be easily mistaken for Jafar and Masrur.

After the boat passed, the three men in disguise offered the boatman ten dinars if he could take them in his boat and follow the

Khalifa's boat. The boatman agreed after some hesitation.

The illuminated boat went some distance and then touched the bank where there were some gardens. The real Khalifa and his companions got out of their boat and entered these gardens. As they went through the gardens some slaves came from behind the trees and surrounded them asking, "Who are you? Where are you from? Are you invited to the Khalifa's feast?"

"We are strangers", said the real Khalifa. "We are also hungry and if the Khalifa should be kind enough to permit us we shall be glad to eat and drink with him."

The slaves took the three intruders to Ali to whom the Khalifa told the same thing.

"Friends," said Ali, "guests are welcome to the Khalifa's table. Eat and drink with me."

The Khalifa himself was astounded at the illumination and

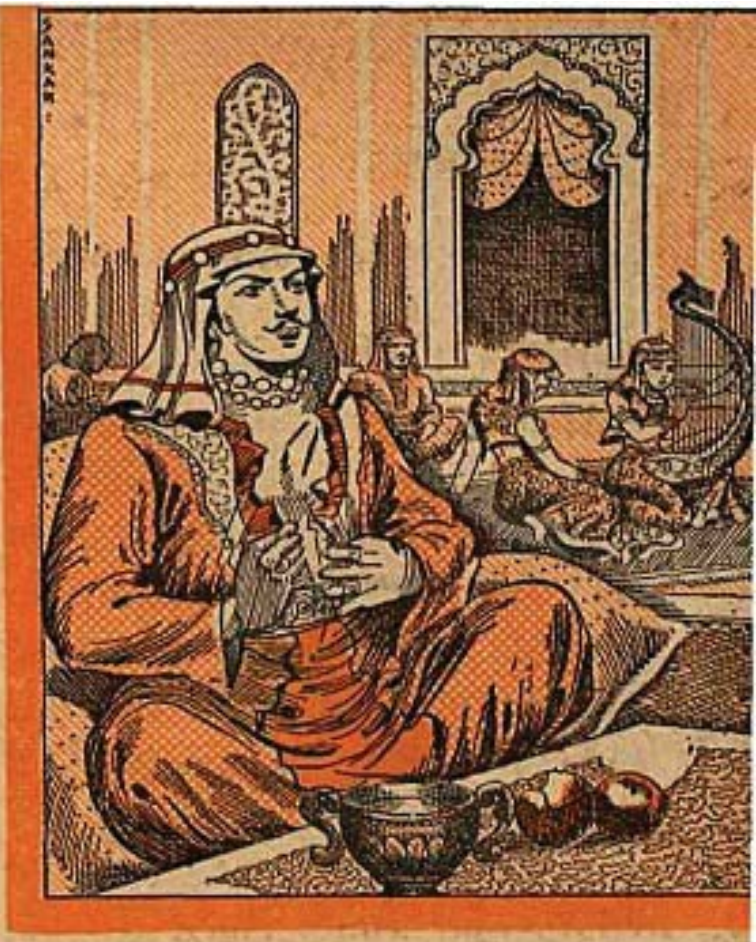
splendour of the dining hall and the richness of the fare awaiting them. While they were eating and drinking a girl sang sad and sweet songs of love and separation.

As he heard to this singing Ali became excited. He tore his precious clothes and wept like a mad man. The real Khalifa was surprised at the carelessness with which the young man tore such costly dresses. But he was still more surprised to see numberless scars all over the fair body of the young man.

"Is it not strange," he whispered to his companions, "that this pseudo Khalifa bears scars that are common to prisoners?"

Ali noticed that his guests were whispering among themselves. "Guests should not exclude the host from their intimacies," he said. "If you want to learn anything you can ask me."

"It is nothing of importance," said the guests. "Seeing the scars on the body of the Khalifa,



we were wondering what cruel experience he passed through."

"Since you are strangers," said Ali, "I do not hesitate to recount my strange experiences if you would care to listen." Then he recited his tale.

Having listened to the end, the Khalifa said, "Allah has all powers!" Then he thanked Ali for his hospitality and departed with his companions.

Now, the Khalifa and his Vazir, Jafar felt that both of them had a share in the respon-

sibility for the painful experiences of the young man, since it was the feud between the Khalifa's wife and Jafar's sister that was the root-cause for Ali's misery.

Next morning, the Khalifa sent for Ali and asked him to recite his tale before the entire court. Having obtained the Khalifa's guarantee for his safety, Ali did so.

"After all that you have suffered at your wife's hands are you still prepared to take her back?" the Khalifa asked Ali.

"I am willing," replied Ali, "to receive anything from the Khalifa's hand."

"Vazir," said the Khalifa to Jafar, "call your sister here."

"Do you know this man?" the Khalifa asked her when she came.

"Why should I know a stranger?" the lady replied.

"Well, his name is Mahammad Ali. He was once your husband. Forget all that has happened because I am thinking of giving you to him for a wife," the Khalifa said.

"As you wish!" the lady replied.

The Kazi was called for and the pair was married in the court of the Khalifa. Later, the Khalifa engaged Ali as one of his companions which raised his status considerably. Ali lived happily for a great many years with his wife.

FUNNY CREATURES

IN a certain village there was a gentleman. He had three daughters. All of them married and went away to live with their husbands.

The mother-in-law of the youngest girl was so fond of her daughter-in-law that she never allowed her to do any chores. On the other hand she attended upon the girl all the time.

It was the New Year's Day. The mother-in-law bathed her daughter-in-law with oil and shampoo, made her wear a new silk *saree*, decorated her with all the ornaments in the house and gave her a sumptuous feast. That evening the old lady told her daughter-in-law, "Darling child, I am going to the temple. Light the lamp as soon as it gets dark."

The daughter-in-law thought to herself, "This old hag cannot bear to see me sit doing nothing. So she must entrust some work or other to me. Why could she not light the lamp before going ? As if the lamp cannot be lit while there is still day light! I shall not live in this wretched house. I shall at once go to my dear mother."

So, the young girl started for her mother's place. She had to pass her elder sister's house on the way. She thought she might as well tell her sister how things were with her.

Having heard to the young one, the elder sister sighed and said, "Your lot is not as hard as mine, darling. Your aged mother-in-law is here today but will be

SHAKUNTALA JADHAV

gone tomorrow. How am I to live with my husband ?"

"What? What has he done!" asked the youngest anxiously.

"My husband brought me a gold necklace for the New Year. It weighs tons and tons. Oh, my poor neck! It was almost broken. Have you ever heard of such base cruelty?"

"I never!" exclaimed the youngest. "What a beast!"

"Yes. And I was thinking of committing suicide when you came along. I think it is a fine idea to follow you to our mother and tell her everything. Let us go!" said the elder sister.

Both of them went along until they came near their eldest sister's house. They thought they might as well inform the eldest as to what had happened.

The eldest was glad to see her sisters but sorry to hear about their troubles.

"My dear sisters, your troubles are great, but they are not to be compared to mine. My husband is a heartless wretch. Last night after food we were both sitting under the night-queen when four flowers rushed down from the tree and severely hit my face. My wretched husband, instead of pitying me and consoling me, went into howls of laughter. Do you think such a man can be called a human being?"

"No, no!" they agreed.

"Let me also accompany you and tell my tale of woe to our mother who is our best friend."

So the three of them went to their mother. All the three girls clung to her and began sobbing aloud without a word.

"What is it, my precious ones? What is ailing you? Tell your mother," the old lady said.

And each one unfolded to her her own tale of misery.

At last the mother said, "You come to me in distress but to whom can I carry my distress?"

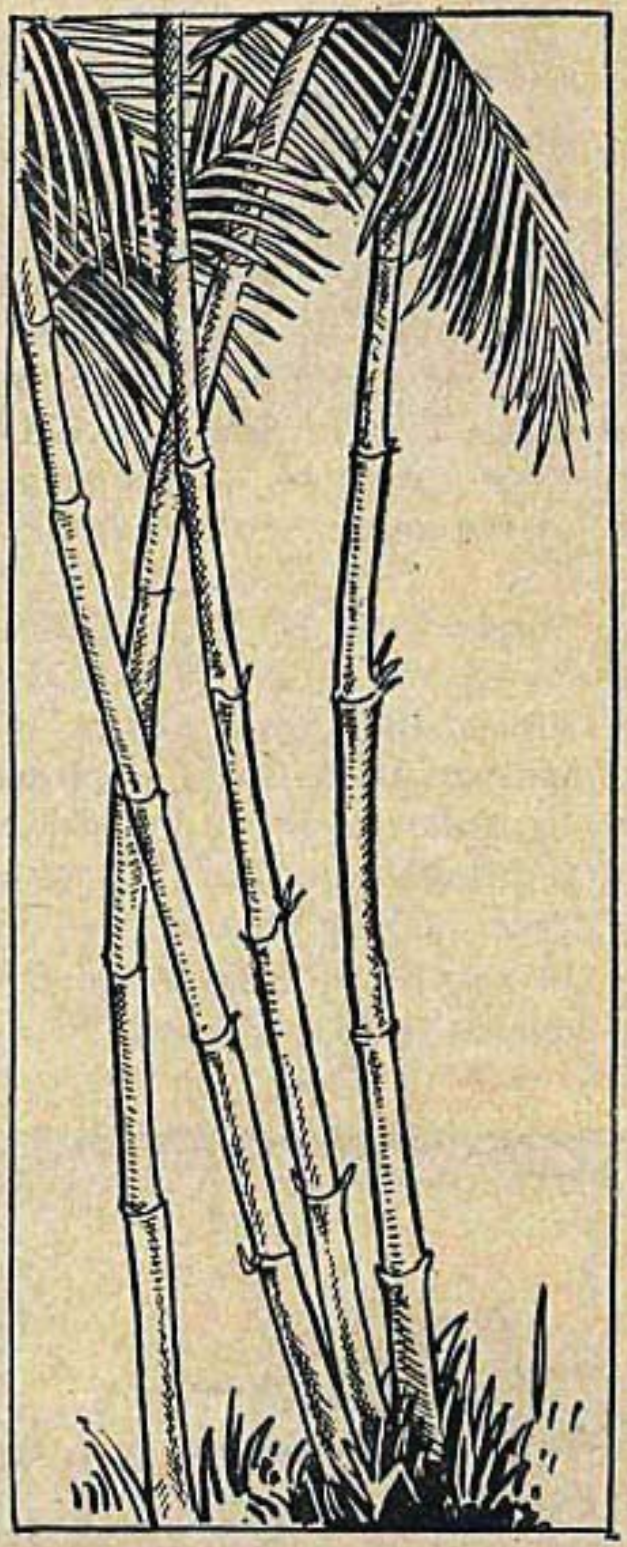
"Tell us, dear mother, tell us," said the three in chorus.

"Then, listen, my precious ones. Yesterday your father asked me to cook something special. So I mixed a small quantity of flour and made only three cakes. I ate one to see if the salt was just right. Then I ate another to see if the baking was just right. Then I waited ages and ages for your father to come and finish the third one. But absent-mindedly I ate it up too. When your father did come I told him that I made three cakes but ate all of them. He merely stood there and said indifferently, 'Never mind.' I eat *three* cakes and he says, 'Never mind.' I might have indigestion, cramps, anything. But he never cared! What a cold, cruel man!"

So saying the mother burst into a fit of crying. So did the three daughters. They went on crying and shedding buckets of tears. The last drops of water flowed out of their bodies in course of time. Their bodies shrank and shrank till they were reduced to the size of grape seeds. In fact they were turned into four bed-bugs. They spent their lives sucking blood of human beings. Even today their descendants live that way.

How is it made?

PAPER



Most of us need paper to take notes during lessons and to write letters to our friends and relatives. Even when we do not use paper to write, we still need it. We buy news-papers and magazines and books. Lots and lots of paper is used to print them. Several tons of paper is needed to print "CHANDAMAMA" every month. Paper is also used for printing all sorts of posters, for wrapping and packing articles and so forth.

Various types of paper is required for various purposes. You will find the cover of this magazine printed on one type of paper and the body printed on another. Daily newspapers use inferior paper and good books much better paper.

Some countries make more paper than some other

countries. America makes enough paper to distribute 400 lbs. of it to each one of her citizens. India makes only one-and-a-half lbs. per person. So it is clear that we must make much more paper than we are now making.

Wood pulp of the correct variety is needed to make paper. Every country must learn to make paper with material that is available to it in large quantities. This requires research. So, our government have set up a Forest Research Institute at Dehra Dun. This institute has discovered methods by which newsprint which is used for news-papers and cheap journals can be made from bamboo. At present our paper mills use 4 lakhs of tons of bamboo every year to make newsprint.

Ulla grass that grows abundantly in Uttar Pradesh is used in the making of good quality paper for writing and printing. In the same area *chir* trees are made use of to manufacture wrapping paper. In Bombay State paper for printing and wrapping is made from *Khargol* tree.

Wattle trees are very useful. Their bark yields a juice which is necessary for the leather industry. Since we were importing this juice our government is trying to encourage cultivation of this tree. After the bark is used for the juice, the rest of the wood can be used to make paper.

In 1913 there were only 4 paper mills in India producing 27,000 tons of paper every year. In 1954 there were 19 mills producing 1,50,000 tons.

Under the First Five-year Plan our paper output is expected to reach 2 lakhs of tons a year.

Humour

ASS AND MAN

GOHA of Cairo was a very witty man. He never did a stroke of work in his life. Yet he was popular with every one because of his ready wit.

One day a friend came to Goha and said, "Dear Goha, I am going on a long journey. Can you lend me your ass?"

"I could," said Goha with a regretful expression, "but unfortunately I've sold away my ass recently." At that very moment the ass began to bray from the back-yard.

"Why, there's your ass," said the friend very much hurt that Goha should lie to him. "I can hear him".

Instead of feeling guilty, Goha showed surprise. "Why," he said, "You are prepared to take the word of an ass against the word of a cultured man like me! What sort of friend are you?" The friend felt sorry for his own tactlessness and went his way.

PHILOSOPHY OF A FOX

A Fox going on an evil errand came across a patch of bog. He thought that he could leap across the bog. So he leapt—and fell in the bog.

Then the fox began to roar and curse, hoping that the surrounding hills and woods would be frightened into helping him out of the bog. But there was no response.

The fox thought that he might be creating a bad impression by shouting and cursing and said gently, "I am blaming no one. But some one could certainly do something about this state of affairs." Still nothing happened and the fox said aloud, "All right, let what is going to happen happen. I know how to lose gracefully."

THE CROW'S DOMAIN

The crow wanted to be a king. A king must have a domain. So the crow flew round in a big circle and declared that the land, trees and the sky within the circle were henceforth his domain. "I declare," said the crow, "that no other bird should fly or walk or nest in my domain."

But no bird heeded the declaration. Other birds kept fiying, walking and nesting in the crow's domain as usual. The crow looked like a fool because he could not enforce his declaration.

"Oh, all right," said the crow to these birds, "I have given you special permission. I am lenient."

Still more birds came flying into the crow's domain. They too nested there. "From now on," said the crow, "any bird can fly, walk and nest in my domain, That's how lenient I am."

—*From* FENG HSUEH-FENG'S *"Fables."*

LOVE OF PROPERTY

A cow yearned for liberty. It wanted to run away with the help of a dog. One night the dog came to liberate the cow. He began to bite through the rope with which the cow was kept in bondage. But the cow said, "Friend, don't spoil the rope. Let me take it along with me. Just untie it from the post." The dog did so and the cow ran away. It didn't run very far because the rope got caught underneath a boulder on the roadside. Soon the owner came and took the cow home.

—FENG HSUE-FENG

JUSTICE

Once a black wolf searched for food all day without finding it. Soon it came upon a grey wolf which had managed to get hold of a small lamb. "Brother" said the black wolf, "we are the same kind. I am hungry. We must stand together in distress. Let me have half of the lamb." "If you want to eat lamb," said the grey wolf, "you must catch lamb. This is mine and I shall keep it." But the black wolf was the stronger and it wanted to get the lamb by force. Then they both pulled the unfortunate lamb between them.

Seeing that he was going to lose, the grey wolf shouted, "It is unjust! It is illegal!" The dying lamb was touched by these words. "Sir," it said to the grey wolf "What is justice?" "Shut up, you!" said the grey wolf. "This doesn't concern you!"

—SHIV PRATAP JYOTI

THE BACK COVER

THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL - 3

EVERYONE called Chuang's wife "Mistress Clever" because she was very thrifty and skilful as a housewife. They were both happy and fairly comfortable.

One day Mistress Clever saw two men pass her door, weeping loudly. She asked them why they were weeping.

"We are the royal hunters," they said. "The Emperor likes to eat stewed dove everyday. It is our duty to get them. Today we are not able to catch any doves. We are afraid that the Emperor will be angry and our heads will be chopped off."

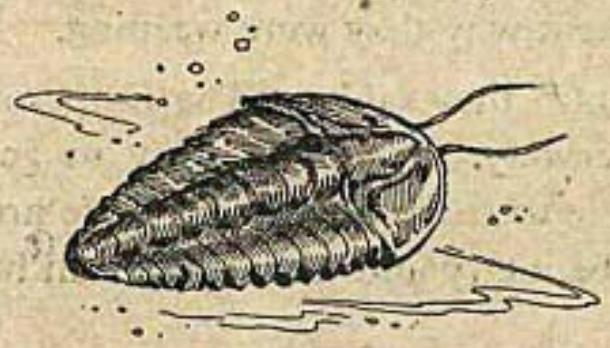
"Oh, is that all?" said the lady. "Let me help you." She went inside and cut two doves out of a piece of paper. Then she blew on the paper birds. They became real doves and flew out of the house. As they came flying out of the door the hunters caught them, thanked Mistress Clever and went away.

That night, the Emperor tasted the doves. He found them so tasteful that he inquired where such delicious birds were caught. One of the hunters was questioned and he revealed how Mistress Clever, the wife of Chuang, supplied the hunters with the birds when they were returning from he hunt empty-handed.

And then—

ANCIENT ANIMALS

IF we could see the earth as it was a thousand million years back, we would find very strange things on it. There was land where there is now no land and sea where there is no sea now. Also, the sea and land of those times were very different from those of today. There was not a single living thing on the entire land—not even a blade of grass. The sea was full of living creatures which had only one cell or a few cells at the most. They lived and died in the water. Some of the creatures were more akin to plants and the others to animals. But the difference was very slight.



TRILOBITE

As hundreds of thousands of years elapsed more and more of different types of creatures *evolved.* Their bodies became more and more "complicated" and finally the seas were full of creatures called *invertebrates*, that is, creatures without backbones. Of course, creatures with backbones came much later and in comparison with them only we call the earlier creatures *invertebrates.* These *invertebrates* had no bones at all. Whereas our bodies hide our skeletons, these *invertebrates* hid behind their skeletons which were on the outside.

The *invertebrates* were the most important creatures on earth for such a long time that they made an epoch which we call the Age of the Invertebrates.

About 500 million years ago the most important invertebrate on earth was the trilobite, a creature only about four inches in length. In very large numbers it walked on the floor of the sea, feared none of its neighbours and thrived well for more than ten crores of years without a rival among the sponges, corals, worms, ancient snails, clams and starfish amidst which it lived as the king of the earth.

THE SHARE

HARUN al-Rashid, the Khalifa of Baghdad frequently suffered from insomnia. One night he wanted to have some entertainment because he could not sleep. So, Masrur, his sword-bearer, suggested that he would go and fetch a funny story-teller called Ibn al-Karibi. The Khalifa never heard this man's stories and wanted to hear them all the more.

Masrur went to Ibn and promised to take him to the Khalifa on condition that Ibn paid him three-quarters of what he got from the Khalifa. Anxious for Khalifa's favours Ibn agreed.

On seeing Ibn, the Khalifa said, "Make me laugh with your funny stories. If you fail I shall have you punished severely."

The unfortunate Ibn was so frightened at these words that he became confused and could think of nothing funny. The Khalifa grew wild and ordered his men to give Ibn a hundred strokes.

After receiving twenty-five strokes, Ibn asked the men to stop.

"My share is only one-quarter," he said. "The rest belongs to Masrur." He explained the deal between himself and Masrur.

So Masrur began to receive his share. After receiving twenty-five strokes, he said, "As Allah lives! I do not deserve such a large share. I give up my share of the rest! That is only fair!"

The Khalifa burst out laughing at last. He ordered his men to stop and gave each of the victims a thousand dinars.

On July 18 "Summit" talks were started between the heads of U. S. A., U. S. S. R., Britain and France. These talks were carried on for a week with a view to remove misunderstandings between the great powers and pave the way for mutual co-operation and peace.

* * *

Rioting occurred in Saigon on July 20 and goondas attacked, entered and wrecked the rooms of two hotels where members of the Indo-China Truce Control Commission were lodging. President of this Commission is an Indian called Mr. M. J. Desai.

* * *

In the Second Five-year Plan the total investment target of the private sector is Rs. 750 crores of which Rs. 100 crores will be contributed by the Government. In the public sector the target is Rs. 4300 crores.

* * *

M. Nikolai Kratenko, chief engineer of the Bhilai Steel Plant in construction in Madhya Pradesh said that the plant would go into full production by December 1959. Two blast furnaces would be ready by end of 1958. The estimated output of the plant is 720,000 tons of finished steel, 200,000 tons of iron plate and 100,000 tons of pig iron.

Congress obtained 20 seats out of a total of 39 in the Pondicherry State Representative Assembly.

* * *

Assam is again devastated with floods due to the rise of Brahmaputra. Over 1000 sq. miles have been submerged in the Kishengunj subdivision affecting 5 lakhs of people.

* * *

On July 29, Lok Sabha passed a bill authorising the Government to introduce decimal coinage with 100 units to the rupee.

* * *

The President of the United States of America gave his permission to the setting up of tiny satellites to the earth. These bodies, the size of foot-balls, will move at a terrific speed of 18,000 miles per hour and go round the earth once every 90 minutes. The first of them, it appears, will go up in two years.

* * *

A new wagon assembly plant for the erection of broad-gauge imported wagons is to be set up at Visakhapatnam in Andhra State. The initial capacity of the plant will be 30 wagons a month.

* * *

Atom experts from 72 countries started a conference at Geneva on Aug. 8 with Dr. Homi J. Bhabha, Chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission as president. The Secretary-General of the United Nations opened the conference which was to discuss the peaceful uses of the atom.

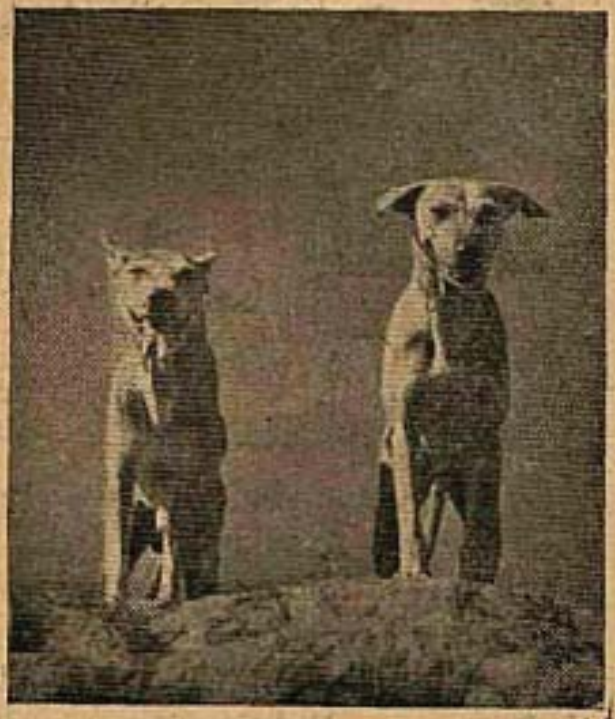
OTHER MOONS

The Moon we see in the sky is the Earth's satellite—it revolves round the Earth which is one of the planets. The Earth has only one satellite but some of the other planets have several moons. Let us know about them.

* Mars has two moons.
* Jupiter has twelve moons! One of them is a very tiny moon revolving very close to Jupiter and making a round in less than a day. Slightly farther away there are four moons, all bigger than our Moon. They too revolve very fast, the slowest making a round of Jupiter in 17 days. Very far from Jupiter there are six more moons and the farthest of them takes 745 days to go once round Jupiter!
* Saturn has at least 9 moons and possibly a tenth one too, though it is not confirmed. The largest of Saturn's moons is called Titan. It is bigger than our Moon. Another moon of Saturn called Japetus is said to be oval.
* Saturn has three rings round it besides the moons. Scientists say that these rings are made up of innumerable, tiny particles, each one a very, very small moon in itself. These Saturn rings are a strange sight when we see them through a telescope. The ring nearest to Saturn is so thin that the planet can be seen through it. The second one is bright and also thin. The third and outer ring is dull. The width of all the three rings will measure up to 40,000 miles but their thickness is only 100 miles. These rings throw a long shadow on Saturn.
* At least five moons revolve round Uranus. They make a round in a few days.
* Neptune has two moons revolving round it.
* Jupiter is 400 million miles away from the Earth; Saturn 800 million, Uranus 1700 million and Neptune 2700 million miles away. So it is not easy for us to observe the moons of these planets satisfactorily.

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

NOVEMBER 1955 :: **AWARD Rs. 10/-**



★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

★ The captions should reach us before 10th of September '55.

★ The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition", Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR SEPTEMBER

I. *Photo:* Tinkle, Tinkle, Cow-bells Ring!

II. *Photo:* Jingle, Jingle, Bangles Sing!

Contributed by **H. R. SHAW, Kumardubi.**

Award Rs. 10

Picture Story

Vass got a camera for his birthday and he decided to take some good snaps. Accompanied by Dass and "Tiger", he proceeded to the mango-grove outside the town. On the branches of one of the trees they saw a bird's nest.

Vass thought that it would be nice to "snap" the birds and their young. Holding the camera in one hand he began to get up the tree. But the "mother" bird came flying and charged at the camera. Also Vass could see the watchman approaching with a stick.

Vass and Dass beat a hasty retreat.

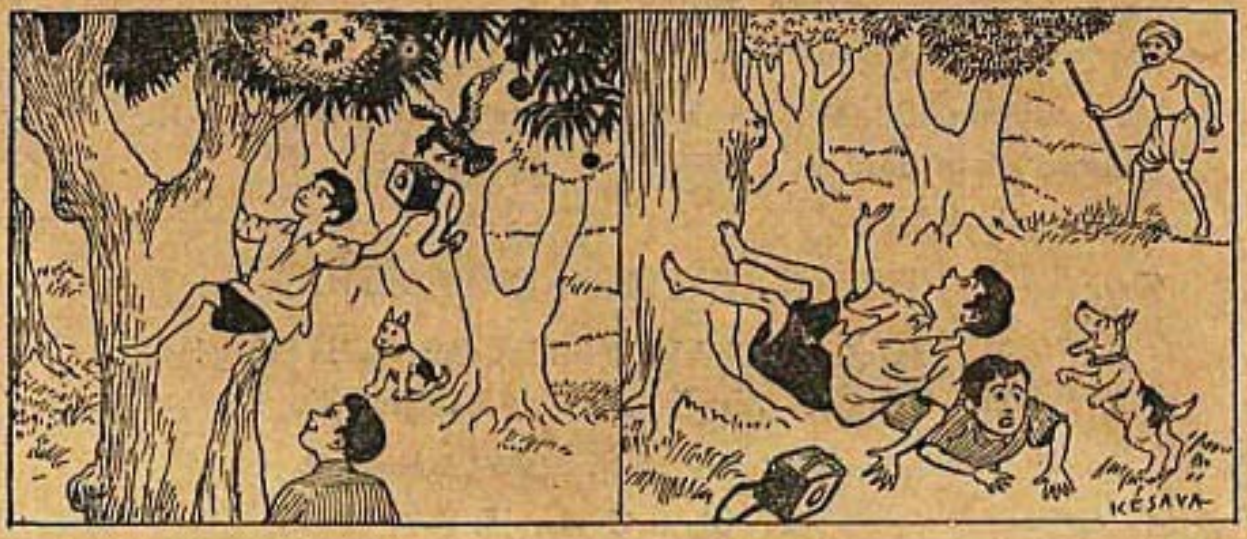


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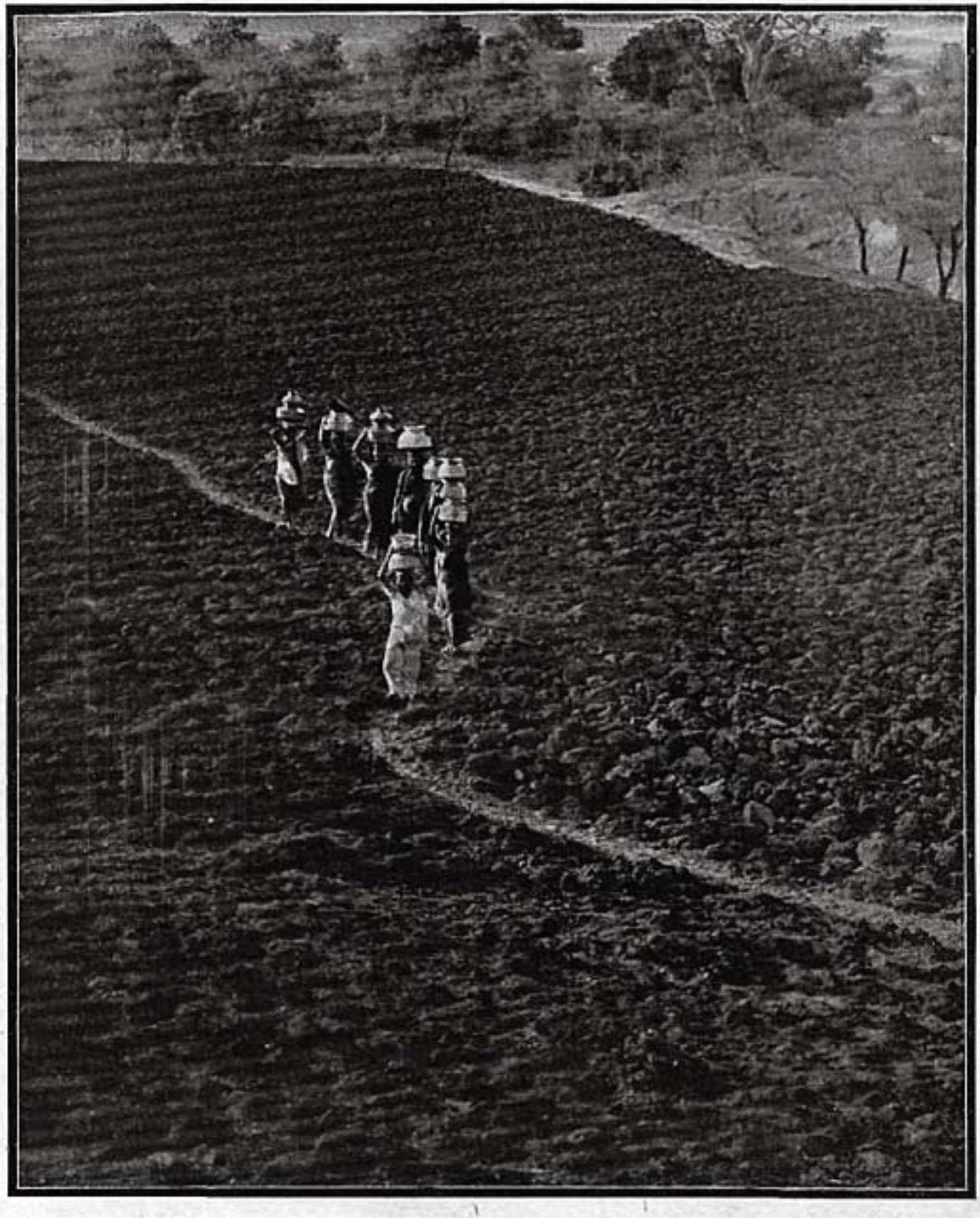
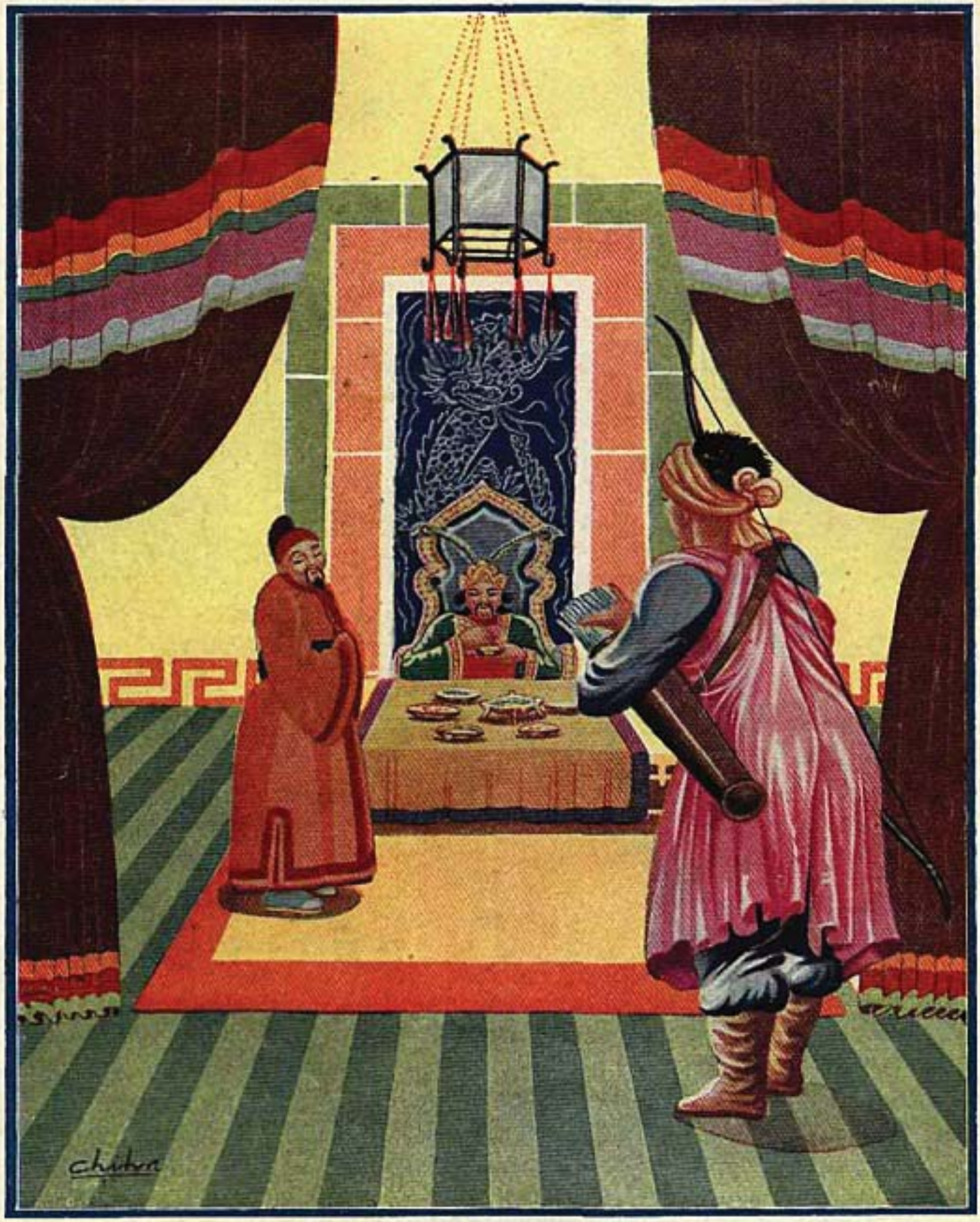
Photo by P. R. Shinde



Winning Caption

JINGLE, JINGLE, BANGLES SING!

Contributed by
H. R. Shaw, Kumardubi



THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—3